

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON:

Other Days Lived Over.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee." Deut. 8:2. Before entering on my subject I wish to say that some newspaper correspondents, referring to a recent sermon in which I welcomed foreign nationalities to this country, have said that I advocated as a desirable thing the intermarriage of the white and black races. I never said so, I never thought so, and any one who so misrepresents that sermon is either a villain or a fool, perhaps both!

But to open this morning's subject, I have to say God in the text advises the people to look back upon their past history. It will do us all good to rehearse the scenes between this May morning and our cradle, whether it was rocked in country or town. A few days ago, with my sister and brother, I visited

THE PLACE OF MY BOYHOOD. It was one of the most emotional and absorbing days of my life. There stands the old house, and as I went through the rooms I could find my way here with my eyes shut, although I have not been here in forty years. There was the sitting-room, where a large family group every evening gathered, the most of them now in a better world. There was the old barn where we hunted for Easter eggs, and the place where the horses stood. There is where the orchard was, only three or four trees now left of all the grove that once bore apples, and such apples too! There is the brook down which we rode to the watering of the horses bareback and with a rope halter.

We also visited the cemetery where many of our kindred are waiting for the resurrection, the old people side by side, after a journey together of sixty years, only about three years between the time of their going. There also sleep the dear old neighbors who used to tie their horses under the shed of the country meeting-house and sit at the end of the pew, singing "Duke Street," and "Baerma," and "Antioch." Oh they were a glorious race of men and women, who did their work well, raised a splendid lot of boys and girls, and are now, as to their bodies, in silent neighborhood on earth, but, as to their souls, in jubilant neighborhood before the throne of God. I feel that my journey and visit last week did me good, and it would do us all good, if not in person, then in thought, to revisit the scenes of boyhood or girlhood. "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."

THE VALUE OF REMINISCENCES. Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in middle life and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward, and the vast majority of this audience live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this if it does not make you discontented with the present or disqualify you for existing duties.

It is a useful thing sometimes to look back, and to see the dangers we have escaped, and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean this morning, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged, humbled, and urged to pray.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with ten thousand obiterations, and I propose this morning, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again. I want to bind in one sheaf all

YOUR PAST ADVANTAGES, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe. Among the greatest advantages of your past life was an early home, and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin, when we hear his mother was abandoned, and that she made sport of his infirmity, and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity, and at last reach the home of the good in heaven. Perhaps

YOUR EARLY HOME was in the city. It may have been in the days when Canal street, New York, was far up town, and the site of this present church was an excursion into the country. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you, for there was more meaning in that plain house, than there is in a granite mansion or a turretted cathedral. Looking back this morning you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting room, where the loved ones sat by the plain lamp, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor, or under the table, your father with a firm voice commanding silence that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was like an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by troubles, nor had sickness broken it, and

no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

THE OLD FARM. Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now to-day in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn, and take just one egg, and silence your conscience by saying they won't miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night, and find them wagging their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass, or in the rag carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there was the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden-wall, and the forget-me-nots playing the hide-and-seek "mid the long grass." The father, who used to come in sunburnt from the fields, and sit down on the door-sill, and wipe the sweat from his brow, may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother, who used to sit at the door, a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will. Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father; thank God for a Christian mother; thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel; thank God for an early Christian home!

THE YOUNG COUPLE AT HOME. I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker, but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them—a gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it; eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created creature.

You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession was placed. You prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered; and prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered; you were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter, you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you to-day in your solemn reminiscence, and let His mercy fall upon your soul if your kindness has been ill-requited. God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin! God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pang, has the pang of a child's iniquity! Oh, there are many, many sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart. Are there any here who remember that in that home they were unfaithful? Are there those who wandered off from that early home and left the mother to die with a broken heart? Oh, I stir that reminiscence to-day.

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were IN THE WRONG ROAD. You couldn't sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking-house, or shop, or your office, or through your throng, or your bedroom, and that word was "Eternity!" You said, "I am not ready for it. O God, have mercy." The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the hill and the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love, the clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness; you came into the house of God. You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the Communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who sat in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal!" and through those hands are all withered away, that Communion Sabbath is resurrected this morning; it is resurrected with all its prayers and songs and tears and sermons and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you! This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven. Start to-day as you started then. I rouse you soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them all in one great sheaf, and I wrap them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood-bought immortals of earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven!

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now

IN THE SHADOW. Others had their troubles years ago; you are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life; but how shall I do it? You say that it is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two, the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street, and there has been music in the distance, you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so when you started life your very life was a musical time-beat. The air was full of joy and hilarity; with the bright, clear air you made the boat skip; you went on, and life grew brighter until after a while suddenly a voice from heaven said, "Halt!" and quick as the sunshine you halted; you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow.

You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it can't be anything serious. Death in slippers feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread; but after a while the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand you wrenched that child from the destroyer! You went to your room, and you said, "GOD SAID MY CHILD!"

The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I can't bear it; I can't bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes never to see them again sparkle. Oh, if you could have taken that little one in your arms, and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh, if you could let your property go, your houses go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

But one thing arose from the heart, a chill blast that swept over the bedroom, and instantly all the light went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God didn't leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the cup, and were about to put it to your lips, God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, ANOTHER CUP was put into your hands; it was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier, and poured wine into his lips, so God put his left arm under your head, and with His right hand He poured into your lips the wine of His comfort, and His consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle, and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

Ah, it was your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you! You have been a better man ever since. In the jar of the closing gates of the sepulchre you heard the clanging of the opening gates of heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have been purer of mind ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said, "Good night, papa; good night, mamma. Meet me in heaven."

But I must come on down to your latest sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was your own sickness. The child's tread on the stair, or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbed you. Through the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet, or the flowers in the wallpaper. Oh, the weariness, the exhaustion! Oh, the burning pang! Would God it were night! Would God it were night! But you are better, or perhaps even well. Have you thanked God, that to-day, you can come out in the fresh air; that you are in this place to hear God's name, and to sing God's praise, and implore God's help, and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases, and redeemeth our lives from destruction! Perhaps your last sorrow was a

FINANCIAL EMBARRASSMENT. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hands to seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are on the ship on which Paul sailed. You were two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire, or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been dinged headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities, now it is hard work to make the two ends meet.

Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded, and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning world? Have you amid all your losses and discouragements, forgotten that there was bread on your table this morning, and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs, and blood for your heart, and light for your eye, and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul? Perhaps your last trouble was

ERNES of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. Going along your path in life, suddenly right before you was an open grave. People looked down and saw it was only a few feet deep, and a few feet wide, but

TO YOU IT WAS A CAVEYEN down which went all your hopes and all your expectations. But cheer up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, He is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe, and with palm branch it will be all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals. Blessed the impertunate cry that Jesus compassionates. Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear.

I was sailing down the St. John River, Canada, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said, "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia."

"What," said I, "do you mean by interval land?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year; spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is the grandest harvest that was ever reaped." And I instantly thought, "it is not the heights of the church and it is not the heights of this world that is the scene of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone, the soul over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness, and the largest harvest for time, and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God that your soul is interval land!

CONTRASTED REMINISCENCES. But these reminiscences reach only to this morning. There will yet be one more point of tremendous reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. I place Napoleon's dying reminiscence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, twenty years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium, "Head of the army." Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self-sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena, was, "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an hour, and woke amid the songs of angels.

I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Caesar against the dying reminiscence of the Apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Caesar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered in the affirmative, and he said, "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the Apostle was, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing." Augustus Caesar died amid pomp and great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through a wall of a dungeon. God grant that our last hour may be the closing of a useful life, and the opening of a glorious eternity.

Let Us Help One Another. Some one has written some beautiful thoughts in beautiful words on this little sentence. We do not know who the author is, but the sentence should be written on every heart and stamped in every memory. "It should be the golden rule practiced not only in every household but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove the thorns from the pathway, and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts knowing we are doing a duty to our fellow creature. A helping hand or an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder, and a kind voice whispering: 'Don't be discouraged; I see your trouble; let me help you!' What strength is inspired! What hope created! What sweet gratitude is felt! And the great difficulty dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen the weak, and lift the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on, and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and He whose willing hand is ever willing to aid us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as 'bread cast upon the waters.'"

Douches for Catarrh. A word more about douches in catarrh: No one ought to resort to them unless advised by a physician, and in weather one must be extremely cautious in their use. They should be used under all circumstances be blood warm, and for several hours after employing them the person should remain in a comfortably warm room, otherwise he is quite certain to suffer from "a cold in the head."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, MAY 24, 1890.

Jesus Betrayed.

LESSON TEXT.

(Mark 14: 43-54. Memory verses, 43-50.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus Finishing His Work.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: I have glorified thee on the earth, having accomplished the work which thou hast given me to do.—John 17: 4.

LESSON TOPIC: Betrayed by a Friend.

LESSON OUTLINE:

- 1. The Act of Betrayal, vs. 43-45.
2. The Accompaniments of Betrayal, vs. 46-52.
3. The Result of Betrayal, vs. 53, 54.

GOLDEN TEXT: Betrayed thou the Son of man with a kiss?—Luke 22: 48.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Mark 14: 43-54. Betrayed by a friend.

T.—Matt. 26: 47-58. Matthew's parallel narrative.

W.—Luke 22: 47-55. Luke's parallel narrative.

Th.—John. 18: 2-14. John's parallel narrative.

F.—Psa. 41: 1-13. Betrayal by a friend.

S.—Mark 14: 66-72. Denied by a friend.

S.—Matt. 27: 1-10. The betrayer's fate.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. THE ACT OF BETRAYAL.

I. The Leader:

While he yet spake, cometh Judas, one of the twelve (43).

Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed him (Matt. 10: 41).

Judas, which betrayed him...repented himself (Matt. 27: 3).

Judas Iscariot, which was the traitor (Luke 6: 16).

Judas fell away, that he might go to his own place (Acts 1: 25).

II. The Multitude:

A multitude with swords and staves (43).

Judas...came, and with him a great multitude (Matt. 26: 47).

Are ye come out as against a robber? (Mark 14: 48).

While ye yet spake, behold, a multitude (Luke 22: 47).

Judas...received the hand of soldiers, and officers (John 18: 21).

III. The Token:

He that betrayed him had given them a token (44).

He...gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is he, (1) Seemingly love; (2) Baser treachery.

"He came to him, and saith, Rabbi; and kissed him (Mark 14: 45).

He drew near unto Jesus to kiss him (Luke 22: 47).

Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss? (Luke 22: 48).

1. "Judas, one of the twelve, and with him a multitude." (1) The traitorous disciple; (2) The subservient crowd; (3) The submissive Lord.

2. "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is he," (1) Seemingly love; (2) Baser treachery.

"He came to him, and saith, Rabbi; and kissed him" (1) Close approach; (2) Reverent address; (3) Treacherous salute.—(1) Honored in form; (2) Betrayed in fact.

II. THE ACCOMPANIMENTS OF BETRAYAL.

I. Arrest:

They laid hands on him, and took him (46).

They came and laid hands on Jesus, and took him (Matt. 26: 50).

They seized him, and led him away (Luke 22: 54).

The band...seized Jesus and bound him (John 18: 12).

Annas...sent him bound unto Caiaphas (John 18: 24).

II. Resistance:

One of them that stood by drew his sword, and smote (47).

One...drew his sword, and smote the servant of the high priest (Matt. 26: 51).

Put up again thy sword into its place (Matt. 26: 52).

Lord, shall we smite with the sword? (Luke 22: 49).

Then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered (John 18: 36).

III. Panic:

They all left him, and fled (50).

All the disciples left him, and fled (Matt. 26: 56).

He left the linen cloth, and fled naked (Mark 14: 52).

Peter followed afar off (Luke 22: 54).

They went backward, and fell to the ground (John 18: 6).

I. They laid hands on him, and took him." (1) An innocent victim; (2) A base throng; (3) A rude arrest;

2. "One of them that stood by drew his sword." (1) Righteous indignation; (2) Prompt resistance; (3) Misdirected zeal.

3. "They all left him, and fled." (1) The deserted Christ; (2) The terrified disciples; (3) The triumphant mob.

III. THE RESULTS OF BETRAYAL.

I. Jesus on Trial:

They led Jesus away to the high priest (53).

They...led him away to the house of Caiaphas (Matt. 26: 57).

The whole council sought false witness against Jesus (Matt. 26: 59).

The whole council...delivered him up to Pilate (Mark 15: 1).

And Pilate gave sentence that what they asked for should be done (Luke 23: 24).

II. The Council Convened:

There came together...chief priests, elders, scribes (53).

The scribes and the elders were gathered together (Matt. 26: 57).

The whole council, held a consultation, and bound Jesus (Mark 15: 1).

The whole company of them...brought him before Pilate (Luke 23: 1).

Their voices prevailed (Luke 23: 23).

III. Peter in Peril:

Peter...was sitting with the officers (54).

Peter...entered in, and sat with the officers, to see the end (Matt. 26: 58).

Peter was sitting without in the court (Matt. 26: 59).

Peter sat in the midst of them (Luke 22: 55).

A certain maid...said, This man also was with him (Luke 22: 56).

- 1. "They led Jesus away to the high priest." (1) A prejudiced judge; (2) A submissive prisoner; (3) A glowing throng.—Jesus led (1) Ostensibly for trial; (2) Actually for sacrifice.
- 2. "Peter had followed him afar off." (1) Too devoted to desert; (2) Too fearful to adhere.
- 3. "He was sitting with the officers." (1) In a dangerous place; (2) In a suspicious attitude; (3) With questionable companions.—(1) His posture; (2) His place; (3) His purpose; (4) His companions; (5) His fall.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

HISTORY OF THE BETRAYAL.

The arrest desired (John 7: 30; 11: 57).

Action feared (Matt. 21: 46; Mark 11: 15).

Judas's proposition (Matt. 26: 14-16; Mark 14: 10, 11).

The plot perfected (Matt. 26: 47, 48).

Satan at work (Luke 22: 3, 4; John 13: 2, 27).

The opportunity (John 18: 1-3).

The approach (Matt. 26: 49; John 18: 4-5).

The token (Matt. 26: 48; Mark 14: 44).

The rebuke (Matt. 26: 50; Mark 14: 48).

The arrest (Mark 14: 46; John 18: 12).

The arraignment (Mark 14: 53; John 18: 13, 14).

Remorse of Judas (Matt. 27: 3, 4).

Desperation of Judas (Matt. 27: 5).

His memorial (Matt. 27: 6-10; Acts 1: 16-20).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

Matthew and Mark seem to place the prediction of the fall of Peter on the way to Gethsemane; Luke and John, however, distinctly connect it with occurrences in the upper room where the Passover was eaten. It is probable that the prediction was repeated, but, if it occurred but once, the earlier position is more correct. Dr. Robinson (with less reason) places it before the Lord's Supper. The long discourse in John (John 13: 36 to 17: 26) seems to have been spoken in the upper room, though there are some indications of a break in the narrative (John 14: 31). The incident of the swords (Luke 22: 35-38) probably occurred just before the departure to Gethsemane.

The story of the agony in the garden is narrated by the three synoptists, each giving details peculiar to himself, but all agreeing as to the main points. Matthew and Mark tell us that Peter and James and John were permitted to attend our Lord further than the other disciples. The y also indicate a three-repeated petition, with visits following to the three disciples. Luke, however, gives a more particular account of the visit of an angel and of the physical effects of the Lord's agony. At the close, according to Matthew and Mark, our Lord rouses his disciples as if to go and meet Judas. John (John 18: 2, 3) describes the collection of the party to seize Jesus, introducing some new details in the narrative of the betrayal. The place was at the foot of the western slope of the mount of Olives, probably near the traditional site of Gethsemane. The time was late on Thursday evening, 14th of Nisan (after the 15th had begun), April 6, year of Rome 783.—A. D. 30.

Parallel passages: Matthew 26: 47-58; Luke 22: 47-54; John 18: 2-15 (probably John 18: 15, 19-24, are parallel with v. 54 of the lesson).

Mr. Weir's Service to Art.

Robert W. Weir, who died at his home in Troy, has been identified with the progress of art in America during at least half a century. Nearly all his life he has been an instructor, and may be said to have impressed himself upon the present generation both directly by contact with many students and indirectly through his works and the stimulus they give to historical painting. Two of his sons are also among the foremost American painters of the day, Professor John Weir, of Yale college, a man of great force and a writer of ripe attainment, and Alden Weir, a teacher at the Cooper Union for many years, and one of the leaders of the present generation of painters. While Robert Weir's work was somewhat formal in style, it was nevertheless vigorous and was always popular. He was not a great producer, his professional duties